

*Miss Tomm*

MY TRUNDLE BED,

OR,

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

BALLAD

AS SUNG BY

Lizzie Hutchinson, of the Hutchinson Family.

COMPOSED BY

JOHN C. BAKER.

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# MY TRUNDLE BED.

J. C. BAKER.

Moderato.

*mf*

1. As I rum - mag'd thro' the at - tic, List - 'ning  
 2. As I list - en'd, rec - col - lec - tions, That I  
 3. Years have pass'd, and that dear moth - er, Long has

to the fall - ing rain, As it pat - ter'd on the shin - gles And a -  
 thought had been for - got, Came with all the gush of mem - 'ry, Rush - ing,  
 mould - er'd 'neath the sod, And I trust her saint - ed spir - it Rev - els

*p*

gainst the win - dow pane; Peep - ing o - ver chests and box - es,  
 throug - ing to the spot; And I wan - der'd back to child - hood,  
 in the home of God: But that scene at sum - mer twi - light,

Which with dust were thick - ly spread; Saw I in the farth - est cor - ner  
To those mer - ry days of yore, When I knelt be - side my moth - er,  
Nev - er has from mem 'ry fled, And it comes in all its fresh - ness

What was once my trun - dle bed.  
By this bed up - on the floor.  
When I see my trun - dle bed.

2. So I drew it from the re - cess, Where it  
4. Then it was with hands so gent - ly Placed up -  
5. This she taught me, then she told me Of its

had remain'd so long, Hearing all the while the mu - sic Of my  
on my in - fant head, That she taught my lips to ut - ter Care - ful -  
im - port, great and deep— Af - ter which I learned to ut - ter "Now I

moth - er's voice in song; As she sung in sweet - est ac - cents,  
 ly the words she said; Nev - er can they be for - got - ten,  
 lay me down to sleep:” Then it was with hands up - lift - ed,

What I since have of - ten read— Hush, my dear, lie still and slum - ber,  
 Deep are they in mem - 'ry riven— “Hallowed be thy name, O, Fa - ther!  
 And in ac - cents soft and mild, That my moth - er asked—“Our Fa - ther!

*Larghetto.*

Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed.”  
 Fa - ther! thou who art in heaven.”  
 Fa - ther! do thou bless my child!”

*ad lib.*

*colla voce.* *p* *morendo.*

My Trundle Bed.

PAYNE

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